

## pluviophile

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by [orphan\\_account](#)

### Summary

sapnap would like to know why he didnt seem to fit into the relationship.

maybe three wasnt a lucky number, after all.

lowercase intended - tags = warnings. will put trigger warnings though

# Chapter 1

sapnap stood in the middle of the field, looking at the sky.

it was raining, had been for a while now.

he was tired, and shivering a bit, but he couldnt find it in himself to go home.

he looked down when the heard the sound of steps getting closer, and looking behind him was dream. maybe he would go home, if dream was there to walk with him.

“sapnap, youre going to get sick..” he stated, his voice soft and caring.

sapnap offered a tiny smile, trudging over to where dream had stopped. yeah, he would walk with dream.

“yeah, i was going to head back now.” he mumbled, grabbing dreams hand gently, giving a slight squeeze that was returned instantly.

dream tugged slightly on his arm, pulling him towards their apartment building, trudging up the stairs into their little home where george waited, arms crossed and a small worried scowl on his face.

“sapnap, youre going to get sick if you keep going out like that. no jacket, no umbrella, no nothing!” he fussed, cupping his face gently.

“sorry, sorry mom!” he laughed, trying to lighten the mood. it seemed to work as dream laughed, pushing them both inside.

george let go of sapnap and went over to dream, giving him a loving hug and small kiss on the nose, checking him over for injuries.

they had just been outside in the rain, how would he have gotten any injuries?

sapnap ignored the fact that george hadnt checked him over even though he was out longer and left to get some dry clothes.

he looked out the window, already longing to be in the rain again.

there was something about it, the smell of rain on the dry earth just when it starts, and the feeling of water soaking your clothes.

he shook his head, pulling his shirts over his head, putting one of dreams hoodies on instead. he switched the wet pants for some dry ones, smiling slightly to himself as he hugged himself.

dreams hoodies were big on him since dream was taller and it made him feel safe.

when he walked into the livingroom again he spotted dream and george snuggled together on the couch.

he would've joined in, but their current couch only had space for two as they hadnt had enough for a bigger one when they moved in. they had said theyd switch it out soon so they could all fit onto it, but that was about 4 months ago.

it was fine though, because it wasnt like sapnap never cuddled with one of them, it was just those two more often than not.

he dismissed it and went into the kitchen to make some tea.

he watched the water boil as he tied his hair back with a stray elastic he had found on the counter. its gotten long, maybe he should cut it soon.

he poured the hot water into a cup with the tea in it, stirring it slightly before looking for the honey. didnt we just buy honey?

he scratched his cheek, looking through the cupboards. he couldve sworn he had just bought some.

“are we out of honey?” he asked, walking into the living room.

“is that my hoodie?” dream asked when he saw him, not answering the question.

“yeah. are we out of honey?” sapnap repeated, tilting his head slightly.

“you cant always wear my hoodies sap, i never have any to wear.” dream said as he straightened slightly, pulling a bit away from george.

sapnap furrowed his brows slightly, eyes sliding over to george. “he’s wearing your hoodies all the time, why cant i?” he asked, stuffing his hands in his pockets.

“yeah but i dont have enough hoodies for three people.” dream defended making sapnap clench his hands in his pockets.

“well maybe if george wore some of his own clothes sometimes there would be enough for three people.” he defended quickly leaving the room.

he stopped by their shared bedroom and threw dreams hoodie on the bed, the material suddenly feeling itchy, pulling his own hoodie on.

he left the room and walked down the hall, plopping down on the bed in the extra room he used when he had to study.

he frowned when he heard ome slightly annoyed chatter from the livingroom. was he really that annoying?

he clenched his fists again, rubbing his eyes.

they had been doing that an awful lot lately. the whole thing with being stuck together like glue while sapnap was the paper that the glue didnt quite stick onto.

he looked out the window again, pushing himself into a sitting position so he could see it better.

he leaned on the cold wall, pulling his knees up to his chest.

he ignored dream when he entered, knowing the other was probably feeling guilty for sounding like there were special rules that applied to george.

“sapnap..” he trailed off, not knowing what to say.

because he wasnt guilty. you cant apologize if you dont feel bad

“were we out of honey? im going to go get some” sapnap murmured, getting up and pushing past dream.

“sapnap, you know i didnt mean it like that. it just gets annoying in the morning when i cant find anything to wear. george is short and you’re shorter, and you know i wont fit into your clothes..” he tried explaining, following sapnap

he stopped, looking back at dream. it did make sense. dream was 6'3, george was 5'9 and he himself was slightly shorter, standing at 5'8. it was reasonable. of course dream didnt make special rules for george.

because they were three in this relationship. not two. three. but three was such an annoying number. theres always going to be one left out, right?

“are you mad?” dream asked when sapnap didnt answer, snapping the other out of his thoughts.

yes.

“no.”

dream smiled at him, hugging him. sapnap hugged back lightly. he was about to tighten the hug when dream pulled away, walking back to george who welcomed him with open arms.

sapnap looked at them, pinching himself before walking towards the door.

“im going out.”

“again?”

“yeah. im going to the store, do you guys want to come?”

they didnt reply.

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Summary

he wanted to go on that date, too.

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

sapnap sat in their shared bedroom, sniffling slightly.

they were all supposed to go out today, but sapnap had, in fact, gotten slightly sick from being out in the rain the other day.

he was fine with that, that wasnt a problem. he didnt care about that, since it happened often.

no, the problem was that george and dream went anyways without him.

they used to stay as take care of him when he was ill. *used to*. they didnt even bat an eye this time.

he dried his sore eyes to no avail, more tears just rolling down his cheeks.

he squeezed them shut in hope of stopping the tears, feeling the phosphenes colors.

he reached for his phone, frowning slightly when dream hadnt sent pictures like he'd said he would. he wasnt really sure how that would help but maybe it was so he would be updated on what was happening

*or maybe it was to rub it into his face that they went without him*

there was a message from karl though.

he turned his phone off again, ignoring the message. he just wanted to be alone.

well, he wanted to be with dream and george, but they were out on a date. without him.

he got up, walking to the kitchen to find something to eat.

he wasnt really hungry, but he wanted to distract himself.

he skimmed over everything but didnt find anything nice, until his eyes landed on a stray knife.

why was that there? didnt they put it away after use?

he sighed annoyedly before picking it up, moving to put it away before yelping and dropping the knife.

“stupid knife, cutting me like that..” he grumbled to himself, looking at his now bleeding finger.

it didnt even hurt, why had he reacted like that?

he look at the small beads of blood as they slowly appeared and rolled down his finger to his hand.

he moved to pick up the knife before looking at his bleeding finger again.

it looked nice, calming even. and to have something to focus on was better than just moping around. and focusing on physical pain instead on mental pain was also something, right?

he scrunched his nose, picking the knife up again, this time putting it back in place without cutting himself. why was he thinking like that? he wasnt in pain, there was just a small misunderstanding in their relationship.

*a misunderstanding that has been going on for a long time now.*

he washed the blood off and put on a plain bandaid over the cut.

he grabbed an apple and went back to the bedroom, burying himself under the blankets, sending a quick message to george.

**[sapnap] going to sleep now, hope you guys have fun on the date:)**

he stared at his phone for what felt like an eternity, waiting for a reply that would never come.

#### Chapter End Notes

feel like this chapter is kinda shitty compared to the first one

rewrote this like 4 times lol i didnt know what to do with it

if you want to see something happen you can always request it:))

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Summary

at least karl and quackity found him.

so what if george and dream didnt?

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

he sat in the snow, far away from the apartment.

not home, just the apartment he shared with dream and george.

autumn was over and it snowed more than it rained now.

he wished it didnt.

he liked the rain.

it was cold and small shivers ran through his body leaving him wishing that someone was there to hug him.

he couldnt go back to the apartment though, thas the whole reason why he was here.

when he thinks about it, it was stupid.

he had gotten mad at george, who had been playing with his hair.

he was happy that he finally got time with george, but when george didnt stop talking about dream, that was when he got mad.

not that george couldnt talk about dream, he was their boyfriend after all.

no, it was the things that he said.

he was talking about places theyd been to and planned to go to.

and that was fine, except for the fact that all of those places were places where only two people could go.

okay, he could go to the amusement park with them, but he knew hed be the one to sit alone on the rides, because theres only two seats and george and dream were definantly going to sit next to each other.

it was kind of like the couch.

*and their relationship.*

there was only space for two people.

he doesnt know how others made polyamorous relationships work, but he wished someone would tell him.

he pried his eyes open when he heard footsteps, not even realizing he had closed them.

“sapnap?” karl asked quietly, concern evident in both his voice and his eyes.

quackity appeared next to him, already taking off his jacket.

sapnap hadnt even realized he wasnt wearing one. he mustve been in a hurry to get out, so much so that he forgot to bring a jacket.

sapnap looked at them, nearly tearing up.

*how is it that these two, that he wasnt even dating, cared more about him than his own boyfriends?*

“yeah?” sapnap rasped, feeling tears form in his eyes.

“hey hey, whats wrong?” quackity asked as he crouched next to him, putting the jacket around him.

“feeling a bit under the weather, i think.” he reasoned. that was a big understatement.

quackity and karl knew that too, seeing as how they exchanged glances before quackity pulled him to his feet.

they asked him something but it fell on deaf ears as he tried to keep the tears at bay.

he wasnt going to cry, he refused.

but it seemed that didnt matter, like many other things, *like him in the relationship* , as the tears began falling, rolling as a steady pace down his flushed cheeks.

karl looked at him with pity, gently ushering him to go with them, and he followed willingly.

they tried asking him what was wrong again, but he just shook his head. they seemed to get it.

karl knew about how his current relationship was going. sapnap had accidentally vented to him. karl had probably told quackity about it, since they were dating.

sapnap knew he should probably be mad, because it wasnt quackitys business and karl shouldnt of told him, but he somehow felt more safe with quackity and karl lately than he did with dream and george.

and that meant a lot,

he looked at his phone, frowning when there weren't even any messages from George.

but it was fine, because George was probably telling Dream right now, and they would go search together, right?

they still care, obviously. they were just having a difficult time.

a long, long, difficult time, but it would be over soon.

they would definitely go look for him, right?

*no, they won't.*

#### Chapter End Notes

gogy and dré kinda rude

## Chapter 4

### Chapter Summary

TW: mentions of selfharm

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

quackity and karl doesnt comment on the cuts now littering his arms.

he knows they see them, because theyre visible everytime his sleeves ride up a bit too far and theres a shark inhale, and he honestly feels bad.

both because hes not planning to stop despite knowing its hurting them, and for the fact that the two guys hes not dating noticed and the two guys hes dating still hasnt.

and that fine, because hes been more around karl and quackity than dream and george lately.

and hes feeling both worse and better.

he feels like his world is falling apart and he feels like hes falling with it and he just honestly feels like shit, but at the same time he couldnt feel better.

*because someone cares, and even if its not dream and george, someone still cares.*

and thats why hes standing here, in front of his two boyfriends, who looks so very confused by sapnaps expression.

his mouth is pressed into a thin line and his eyes are narrowed slightly, and his arms are stinging uncomfortably and rubbing against the fabric of his sweater.

“i dont want to keep going like this.” he finally says after what feels like forever, and hes not sure if

hes currently breathing or not.

“like what?” george asks, and dream looks confused

“im breaking up with you.” sapnap declares and he cant help but think back to the conversation he had with karl and quackity about where he would live and that he could stay with them if he wanted to.

hes snapped out of his thoughts by the shuddering breath of dream- whos now standing up, he notices- who looks like hes about to cry.

“why?” george rasps and also stands up.

he thinks they might actually love him and almost takes back his words.

almost.

“because three is a bad number. i dont like it.” he reasons and realizes how stupid it is and decides to reformulate, “i dont think this relationship has space for three people.” he settles on.

he tunes out dream and george, because they havent even noticed anything was wrong and now he feels bad, because maybe it was his fault.

“did we do anything wrong?” dream asks in a wobbly voice and sapnap almost cries, but forces the tears to stay in place.

“i think that you should know that. maybe reflect on the things you do, dream.” sapnap barks, suddenly feeling angry by that question.

he turns around before they can say anything else, happy that he kept his shoes on, and storms out to karl and quackity who was waiting for him.

they had made him do it, and now he suddenly feels light and his cheeks are wet and, oh, hes

crying, but hes not sad.

he already misses being in a relationship but he doesnt really bother with that thought as his face is buried in quackitys sweater.

in due time theyre back at karls and quackitys apartment and the cuts become small white lines, scars if you want, and they not multiplying in number anymore.

he still talks with dream and george sometimes, and hes not sure if theyre guilty or still trying to figure out how to be in a two way relationship- as if they werent all along-, and if he himself is in a new relationship now, then let that be it.

#### Chapter End Notes

is this a good or bad ending? you guys decide:)

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